# The Fear Of A Nervous Breakdown

The fierce demands of 20th Century requirements tends to exhaust the nervous forces.

Effort, alone, never saps the



vitality. It is suspense and worry that wears the nerves to shredsthe power to relax at all soon departsthen the duties of

the day become arduous-and the complications begin to pyramid. The nerves become exhausted.

### A Nerve and Tissue Food is Needed

Nerve exhaustion means that the tissues have been depleted of their rightful share of assimilat-

ing power. Matters rapidly become worse. Non-assimilation robs the nerves and they, in their turn, upset the whole organism and prevent attempts at assimilation.



The nerves must be quieted-in proper manner—with an easily-absorbed food that can be readily utilized. And one of the best foods for this purpose is found in the combination of malt and hops. Hops have an excellent tonic value and stimulate the digestive fluids. The way is thus rapidly prepared for the proper reception of

tissue nour-ishment which is furnished by the rich extract of extract of nourishing barley malt. This gives us a truly bal-anced tonic-and-tissue-building food



### Pabst Extract Fulfills Every Possible Requirement

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, pos-Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, possesses these properties in proper proportions. It is the extract of choicest hope and barley malt fortified with calcium hypophosphite and iron pyrophosphate. It is the one perfect tonic and nerve food. Pabst Extract bears the endorsement of physicians—insist upon Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic.

#### Pabst Extract Sold Everywhere by Good Druggists

Try a dozen bottles today. One bottle will not repair the ravages of months or years. Give this incomparable tonic-food a fair trial. Take a wine-glassful before meals and on retiring—do this for two weeks and see how well you will eat and sleep.

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# One Minute with the Editor

### Who Writes All the Popular Songs?

HOW much money does a popular song make for its author? Did you know that most of the song writers can not read a note of music? We have an article about this. Unless all signs fail, you may look for it next week.

### Don't the Safety Razor Ads Satisfy You?

DEAR EDITOR: Will you please print pictures of young men on the covers of your magazine, instead of girls' pictures all the time?

#### 95 Madison Avenue, New York

DEAR EDITOR: I know who murdered Mrs. Fisher, and how the murder was committed. Where shall I send my answer, so as to be sure and get the money?

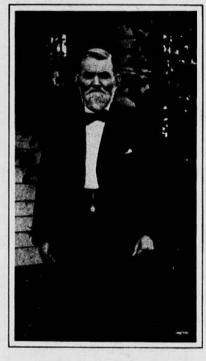
### A Correction

ONCE upon a time we printed a picture of Miss Theresa Flanagan on a page of pictures of "People You Don't Want to Meet." Since then we have met Miss Flanagan. She's the sort of person one would want to meet. Moreover, she is nurse at a "hospital," not an "asylum."

### The Wintergreen Oil King

By WALT MASON

Every time you chew a piece of gum flavored with wintergreen, you pay a little toll to John T. Stotz of Broadheadsville, Pennsylvania, who practically controls the world's output of wintergreen oil. This is his story, done into rhyme by Walt Mason. Each week we select the most interesting story received and have Walt Mason poetize it. Emperors and kings have their laureates; why not wintergreen kings?



MID Pennsylvania's rugged hills, up in the county of Monroe, the oil of wintergreen distils from leaves, an aromatic flow. Nine tenths of all that balmy oil that this round planet can produce comes

green, and each one when it's working spills a sweet aroma o'er the

There is a man named John T. Stotz—Broadheadsville's where he gets his mail—who owns the oil in wholesale lots, the oil that scents the passing gale. He is the king of wintergreen, the monarch of that lucious oil. for facts where he will be some the same and the scents are the same and t luscious oil; for forty years he's made it queen of Monroe County's gifted soil. For him the women glean the hills, the cheerful children make their quest; he owns 'most all the busy stills, and buys the

product of the rest. In all the world there is no man who knows as much about this oil. which is the outcome of his plan of ceaseless study, care, and toil. A chemist he, and in his shop are scores of bottles of the "ile," and there the guest would like to stop, inhaling incense by the mile. He has the finest cultured nose that e'er was seen upon the pike; one sniff will to that beak disclose adulterations and the like. The oil is costly when it's pure-it brings three bucks or more a poundwhen they have a chance, for sure, adulterators flock around. The able sleuths of Uncle Sam, who'd foil the trickster's little game, detecting dope in oil or jam, must stop to analyze the same. But Stotz will take of oil a jar, and hold it to his trenchant nose, and say, "They've doctored it with tar!" and nothing of that vintage goes.

The war has cut the business down, but many stills are making

juice, and Stotz, the king without a crown, is handling all they can produce. He has on hand, in times like these, oil worth some 30,000 bones, and that would flavor all the seas, down to the haunt of Davy Jones.